

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP



A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 49 No. 12

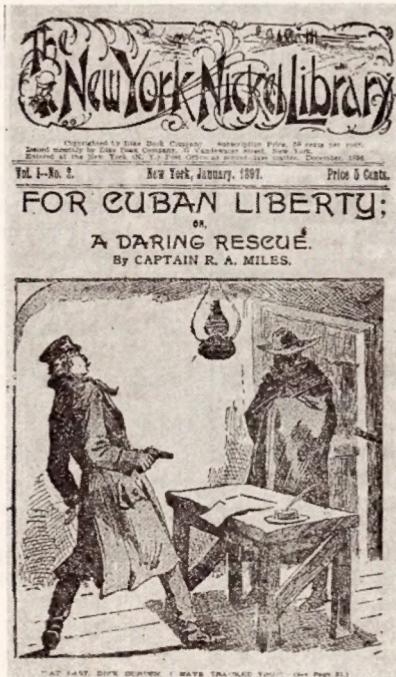
December 15, 1970

Whole No. 459

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 20 Stories of the Stage

by J. Edward Leithead



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 132

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The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 20 Stories of the Stage

by J. Edward Leithhead

Continued

"At this moment Dorothy Dare and Mamie Blair appeared, having donned their street attire, and presently Lottie Small also came out of the dressing-room and joined the rest.

"Well, Dorothy," remarked Ben, "the play was a success from start to finish!"

"It seemed so," was the reply, "but I am awfully glad it is over! It was terribly trying on my nerves."

"You certainly have nothing to complain of," smiled Lottie Small. "I should be happy if I had received the applause you did."

"Oh, I think you got as much applause as I did, Lottie," said Dorothy.

"Not by a jugful, my dear!" Lottie protested. "You were the bright particular star of the evening, and got more applause than any two of us put together . . . didn't she?" turning to the others.

"That's right."

"She did that."

"There is no doubt about it."

"And deservedly, for she played her part to perfection."

"Oh, please spare me," laughed Dorothy, blushing in embarrassment. "If I acted my part well, I am glad, but I must say it was the part itself that made the hit. It would have been the same with either Mamie or Lottie in the part."

"I do not agree with you, Dorothy," said Ben. "Mamie and Lottie played their parts well, and doubtless did better in their parts than you could have done in either and you did better in your part than either of them could have done for the reason that

it suited you. Isn't that a fact, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Oh, yes. I never saw a company where members were each and every one so well suited to his or her part as is the case in this one. Sometimes there are people in leading roles who ought to have minor parts, and vice versa."

"Anyway, I'm glad we have such a well balanced cast," said Ben. "It's certain to contribute to the future success of 'Three Chums'."

"There's not the least chance for 'Three Chums' to score a failure as long as I'm in the cast, Ben!" declared Little Punn, with the most absurd and exaggerated air of importance.

"Bah!" sneered Blues Brown. "You have more nerve than any fellow I ever knew, Punny. All that applause when we were on stage together was for me, and here you are pluming yourself that it was intended for you. You make me tired."

"Well, you got some of it, Brownie," acknowledged Little Punn. "I noticed they always clapped when you went off the stage."

"Yes—in the hope of bringing me back again."

"Little Punn groaned. "Now who has nerve? I'll leave it to the crowd if that isn't as great an exhibition of nerve as any they ever witnessed."

"Shut up!" growled Spalding. "The two of you have gall sufficient for ten!"

Despite this backstage bickering, the show went on, continuing to score successes. On another night:

"It was now almost eight o'clock,

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and a minute later the curtain went up on the first scene of the first act. The audience stared in amazement at the beautiful stage setting, and still more beautiful girls, Dorothy and Mamie, and there was not a person in the capacity audience whose attention wandered from the action on stage.

"And when the curtain went down at the end of the first act, after Dorothy had sung her solo, the applause made it necessary to roll the curtain up again so the audience could see Dorothy, although she had already repeated the last verse of her song and sung the encore song. It was a great tribute to the girl's singing, but a deserved one, as she had an exquisitely sweet voice. The play went on, and just after the closing of the second act there was a commotion at the side entrance and a policeman entered.

"I want to see Mr. Ben Bright," he said.

"Here I am," said Ben, coming forward. "What is wanted?"

"I want you," the officer replied, laying a hand on Ben's arm.

"Charged with what?" asked Ben.

"I have here a warrant sworn out by a man who says that you threatened to shoot him."

"Who is the man," said Ben, "and when did I do this?"

"About an hour ago. The man was in the theater and you made him leave, threatening to shoot him if he didn't."

"Ben burst into a laugh, as did the other members of the company, with the exception of Dorothy, who feared Ben was going to get into trouble.

"What is so funny?" the policeman wanted to know.

"This charge!"

"Why so? Do you deny that you pointed a revolver at a man here in the theater, an hour ago, and threatened to shoot him?"

"No, but had the gentleman but known the truth he need not have been alarmed. The weapon is one I use in the play and it has no cylinder. See, here it is," and Ben held it out for the officer's inspection.

The latter looked disconcerted.

"You sure that's the same revolver you had a while ago?"

"The same," replied Ben. "I have no other."

"Well," the policeman said doggedly, "I will have to arrest you just the same. Get your hat and come on."

"But I can't do that," protested Ben. "Not now. I must stay until the performance is over. Then I can go with you."

"I have no right to put off your arrest that way," the officer said.

"Under these circumstances I hope you will," Ben went on. "I have shown the charge is absurd and it's very necessary that I remain until the show ends. In fact, it could not go on without me, and you don't want to stop the performance, do you?"

"No, I don't want to, but—"

"Oh, you can put off making the arrest until after the show," Ben argued with a smile.

"Of course he can!" cried Tom True. "It's an outrage, anyway, and I'll bet your friend Morrison is at the bottom of this, Ben!"

"It's all foolishness arresting Ben," said Markham. "He has showed you the revolver was as harmless as a stick of wood—"

"I have the warrant and must serve it," the officer broke in. "However, I'll agree to postpone the arrest until the show is over."

"Thank you!" beamed Ben. "Have a seat and make yourself comfortable," and then it was time for him to go on.

Ben played his part just as well as he had played it the night of the first performance. To see him on the stage, no one would have suspected that he was to be arrested as soon as he had said his last lines for the night. His solo, too, he sang with great feeling and captured the audience. During the interval between the third and fourth acts, Ben slipped into the box occupied by his guardian and told him all about the affair.

"It is an outrage, of course," agreed Mr. Shepard, "but it cannot be helped. Well, I will send the ladies home in company of Tom True and will accompany you to the police station. I can then go bail for you, and

we will get home almost as soon as they do.'

"Very well, thank you, sir," said Ben. Then he returned to the stage.

"The play progressed, the players being liberally applauded, and it was very evident the 'Three Chums' was scoring as big a hit as it had done in Bronxton.

"At last the end was reached, and the entire company came in for the closing song. As Ben had been a resident of Syracuse and a member of the football team two seasons, the local papers said a good deal about this. Moreover, as Harry Saunders and several of the boys who had been on the Syracuse eleven under Ben requested it, Ben had consented to wear his football togs for the last performance. But, not liking to be alone in this, he got Tom True, Spalding and Markham, who had their old uniforms in their trunks, to wear theirs as well.

"As soon as they were on stage, Ben gave the signal and they struck up a rollicking football song, one that had been a favorite when he was captain of the Syracuse team, and which he had taught the Raymond Academy eleven as well. Of course, Dorothy and Mamie were familiar with the words and air, and sang it with a vim, while Lottie Small, Black, Sells and Weelock went through the motions convincingly, which was all that was necessary, as there was plenty of volume without them. And then Harry Saunders and his crowd down in front, joined in—they could not help it—with the result that the songs and the scene made the biggest hit of the evening, the audience breaking into applause while the song was going on.

"Ben, Dorothy and Tom, representing the 'Three Chums,' were in the foreground, and just before the curtain descended, Dorothy took a hand of Ben and Tom, and stepping forward as the song ended, said:

"Thus ends the play of 'Three Chums,' and as in the play we are 'Three Chums,' so do we hope to be in real life always—'All for one and one for all.' Good-night!"

S. A. D. Cox, under pen-name "Har-

ry Moore," wrote Three Chums Weekly (he also authored the early numbers of The Liberty Boys of '76) and A. Berghaus did the Three Chums' color covers. After "The Burning of Raymond Academy" in No. 7, where Ben, Dorothy, Tom and Mamie were students, they prepared to enter show business in Nos 8, Three Chums at Work, or, Getting Ready for the Road; 9, "Three Chums'" Success, or The First Production of the Play; 10, Three Chums' Welcome, or, Playing Ben's Own Town; 11, Three Chums' Foe, or, The Reappearance of McMaster ("Three Chums" Company plays the Orpheum Theater in Pittsburgh, Pa. and Frank McMaster, an old Raymond Academy enemy shows up to make them trouble); 12, Three Chums' Rivals, or, Almost the Same Play; 13, Three Chums' Danger, or, Playing to the Moonshiners; 16, Three Chums in Luck, or, Making Money Fast; 17, Three Chums' Lark, or, Playing in the Backwoods; 20, Three Chums in Denver, or, Pleasing the Westerners; 24, Three Chums' Nerve, or, Playing at the Golden Gate; Three Chums Captured, or, Dorothy Held for Ransom; 51, Three Chums on the Road Again, or, Touring in a Palace Car; 52, Three Chums With Buffalo Bill's Wild West, or, "One Good Turn Deserves Another."

Other stage stories in the Tousey color cover weeklies:

Pluck and Luck Nos. 61, Roddy, the Call Boy, or, Born to be an Actor; 248, Dick Bangle, the Boy Actor; 285, Joe, the Actor's Boy, or, Famous at Fourteen; 319, Edwin Forrest's Boy Pupil, or, The Struggles and Triumphs of a Boy Actor; 437, Herman, the Boy Magician, or, On the Road With a Variety Show; 582, Valentine Vox, Jr., or, From the Street to the Stage; 592, A Star at Sixteen, or, The Boy Actor's Triumph; 629, The Young Business Manager, or, The Ups and Downs of Theatrical Life; 712, The Black Magician and His Invisible Pupil; 807, Dick Wilton & Company, or, Life Before the Footlights; 824, Joe, The Star Dresser, or, From the Footlights to Fortune. All of these reprinted from Boys of New York and

Happy Days.

There were much fewer stage stories in *Fame and Fortune Weekly*—Nos. 21, All to the Good, or, From Call Boy to Manager; 377, The Way to Fame, or, The Success of a Young Dramatist; 486, Fame Before the Footlights, or, The Boy Who Bossed the Theater. This issue was almost the last of the originals, as the weekly with the title first used by Horatio Alger in his *Ragged Dick* series ran to 488 numbers, then began reprinting and was starting on its third reprinting when it folded with No. 1197, September 7, 1928. James Perkins Tracy wrote all the originals and I believe Tousey's ace artist did all the pictorial covers in color. For certain he did the one I have before me, No. 21, All to the Good, dated February 23, 1906. Quoting from it (Charlie was call boy at the Metropolitan, but didn't stay one—he went up the ladder to manager):

"Charlie! Charlie Unger! Where the dickens is that boy?"

"Here I am, sir!"

"A cheerful-looking, well built lad suddenly popped out from behind a pile of faded scenery that stood against the whitewashed brick wall near the property-room of the Metropolitan Theater. As a temple of drama, the Metropolitan was on its last legs. It was one of the old guard, so to speak. Its former glory was hoary and mildewed. Its patronage had gone to the dogs, though occasionally it had spasms of prosperity. One of those spasms was on now, but the impression prevailed that it was giving its last kick.

"Do you know, young man, that I sung out three times for you?" said Mr. Rickaby, the property-man.

"Yes, sir," replied Charlie truthfully.

"Then why didn't you come sooner? Were you taking a bath or getting your hair curled?" continued Rickaby sarcastically.

"Neither, sir. I was only showing Billy Duane how to do the broad-sword combat properly."

"What the dickens has Billy Duane, or you, to do with the broad-

sword combat? Perhaps you think that the distinguished tragedian who appears here for the first time this evening will ask you to act as his understudy?" The remark was purely ironical.

"Well," replied Unger serenely, "he might do worse."

"If you haven't a gall!" exclaimed Rickaby.

"I believe I have, sir," answered Charlie. "I heard a doctor once say that everybody has it."

"Has what?"

"Gall, sir."

"Mr. Rickaby shied the pasteboard goblet he held in his hand at Charlie's head; but Unger, evidently expecting some such demonstration on the property-man's part, dodged in the nick of time.

"Pick up that goblet, you young scamp, and come into the property-room."

"Charlie followed him in. He and Mr. Rickaby were good friends on the whole, though, owing to his irresponsible flow of spirits, he occasionally sorely tried the man's patience.

"Unger's father was a member of the Metropolitan orchestra. His mother had been a tightrope walker and a great favorite in her day, and now kept a theatrical boarding-house. And Charlie said more than once that he had accumulated a good deal of muscle pounding chuck steak into the juicy tenderloin to which the profession is accustomed.

"When Unger graduated from public school he was introduced into the mystery of the region behind the footlights; in other words he was a call-boy and an assistant to the property-man, his wages being collected regularly by his mother at the same time she drew her husband's pay. That is, when business was sufficiently flourishing for the 'ghost to walk.' (Among theatrical people the 'ghost walks' when salaries are paid).

"Charlie yearned to be something better than a call-boy. No, he did not want to be an actor, though he believed he could do a few stunts in that line if it came to a pinch. His great ambition was to some day man-

age a show. A good show that would make a barrel of money . . .

"There was a big 'first night' crowd at the Metropolitan that evening. McKean Ranter, the 'eminent tragedian,' had been extensively billed, the newspapers had given him flattering advance notices and public interest in his debut in town was accordingly aroused.

"The manager welcomed the unusual rush with open arms, for he needed the money in his business, while the company was uncommonly glad to see the seats filling up, as the ghost had not meandered about the premises lately with any degree of regularity.

"The play was a tragedy of the old school called 'The Dwarf of Venice.' McKean Ranter was the Dwarf, a part originally performed by Edmund Kean, a famous English actor, many years ago, and Mr. Ranter believed he was as good as the great original.

"Charlie Unger had seen many good actors, and thought he knew what good acting was. He sized Mr. Ranter up at a rehearsal, and came to the conclusion that the 'eminent tragedian' was something of a 'ham.' There was one thing, however, which made Charlie mad. That was the star's discourteous treatment of Estelle Vance, who had been unexpectedly called upon to fill the leading female part, owing to the sudden indisposition of Mrs. McKean Ranter, who always supported her husband.

"In Unger's opinion, Miss Vance was the cleverest member of the Metropolitan company, and the nicest girl he had ever known. She was as pretty as a peach, and gave evidence of possessing undoubted talent, but had been considered too young by the management to entrust with an important part. Her opportunity came when it was found that she was the only available lady to fill Mrs. Ranter's emotional part in 'The Dwarf of Venice.'

"The 'eminent tragedian' kicked at Estelle's youthfulness, but he was forced to accept her, so he got square by calling her down at every chance, criticising her delivery of blank verse

and finding fault with her every gesture.

"Charlie, a bit sweet on Estelle Vance, resented the star's overbearing conduct toward the girl. 'What does he know about acting, anyway?' muttered Charlie in disgust. 'She can put it all over him. She's got the center of stage twice in this piece, and if she doesn't make him look like thirty cents, I'm no prophet.'

"Charlie arrived early at the theater that night, for there was lots for him to do before the time he must summon the performers from their dressingrooms. It was part of his job during the show to act as the prompter's assistant. He had to place on the stage when a scene was being set, or deliver to the actors awaiting their cues in the wings, the various properties to be used from time to time, as specified on a list hung in front of the prompter's table, getting the articles from the property-room.

"'The Dwarf of Venice' opened with a carnival street scene, for which a mob of male and female extras had been engaged. Mr. McKean Ranter was decidedly out of humor that evening, and he showed his temper in various ways between the acts. Estelle Vance shared the honor of a curtain call with him at the close of the third act, and that did not improve his feelings toward the girl. As soon as they came off he insulted her by some remark intended to belittle her ability as an actress.

"Charlie did not know of this, but he saw she was disturbed and excited, and there were tears in her eyes when he met her on the way to her dressingroom.

"'You're doing fine to-night, Miss Vance,' Charlie said, thinking she was a bit rattled by the success she was making of her part.

"'Thank you, Charlie,' she replied with a grateful smile. 'You are very good to encourage me. I shan't forget it.'

"'She's a fine little girl, all right,' Unger thought, his eyes following the sylph-like figure in 17th Century costume till she tripped up a short flight

of steps leading to a tier of dressing-rooms.

"The climax of the play came in the fourth act, and had Mr. Ranter really been the eminent tragedian he assumed to be, the honors would have been divided between the star and the leading lady, for Estelle Vance came out strong in the emotional part.

"She's great, isn't she, Billy" Unger said to his friend Duane as they stood in the wings while the act was drawing to a close.

"Well, I should warble," replied Billy. "She can give cards and spades to Lillian Burr, who used to do the leads. I didn't think she had it in her."

"You didn't, eh? Well, I did. She's a natural-born actress."

"The girl's splendid acting took the house by storm, and the act ended with a quick drop. Estelle, unfortunately, stood directly in line with the descending curtain. In another instant she would have been dashed to the stage, when Charlie, seeing her peril from the wings, darted forward, seized her round the waist, and dragged her back. Then the heavy piece of wood which held the bottom of the curtain taut fell with a dull thud.

"The audience saw and understood the danger Estelle Vance was in at the moment the call-boy rushed to her rescue, and when he pulled her clear and the curtain shut the stage from their view, a roar of applause went up, from the orchestra to the gallery.

"The principal performers, the 'eminent tragedian' excepted, crowded about the now half-fainting girl, held on her feet by Charlie, and congratulated her on her escape, for everyone knew what a blow on the head from the curtain pole meant. They also complimented Unger on his presence of mind.

"Both of you will have to go in front," said the stage manager, coming up. "Do you hear that ovation out there? Nothing but a sight of you two will satisfy them."

"Ho, don't ring me in this," said Charlie as he released the little actress. "That demonstration is intended for Miss Vance."

"Estelle had now recovered her self-possession. 'I believe you saved my life, Charlie,' she said, her eyes beaming with gratitude. 'Come now,' she extended her hand, 'it's your place to lead me out.'

"Oh, I'm not—" began Unger.

"Yes you are," Estelle dragged him toward the right proscenium entrance.

The prompter pulled back the end of the curtain, and Estelle gave Charlie a gentle push forward. The boy saw he was in for it and stepped toward the footlights, holding Estelle by the hand. The audience clapped vociferously, there were some whistles and cheers. Both bowed in acknowledgment . . . There was a notice of the show, of course, in all the morning papers and special mention of the call-boy's quick action in saving the leading lady. The 'eminent tragedian' got the short end of the critics' attention. Right then Charlie Unger was on his way from call-boy to manager in the not too distant future."

Wild West Weekly had only one stage story, No. 570 Young Wild West "Busting" a Show, or, Arietta and the Actress.

In Secret Service were the following: Nos. 55, The Bradys Behind the Scenes, or, The Great Theatrical Case; 127, The Bradys and the Boy Acrobat, or, Tracing a Theatrical Case; 174, The Bradys and the Juggler, or, Out With a Variety Show; 585, The Bradys and the Actor's Son, or, Sold Into Slavery.

Street & Smith contributed a goodly number of stage stories in the color covers:

Brave and Bold Nos. 89, The Key to the Cipher, or, The Boy Actor's Struggle; 324, For Big Money, or, Beating His Way to the Pacific; 338, Working His Way Upward, or, From Footlights to Riches.

Tip Top Weekly Nos. 66, Frank Merriwell as the Star, or, Trouble in Junior Theatricals; 130 through 156 are all stage stories; 762, Dick Merriwell on the Boards, or, Fighting the Theatrical Syndicate.

New Nick Carter Weekly No. 544, A Tragedy of the Footlights, or, Nick Carter and the Temple of Vice.

Might and Main No. 35, Reaching Out, or, The Struggles of a Young Comedian.

Bowery Boy Library No. 95, Bowery Billy on the Rialto, or, The "Rupert of Hentzau" Puzzle.

Medal Library Nos. 105, The Young Actor; the Solution of a Mystery, by Gayle Winterton; 250, Neka, the Boy Conjuror, or, A Mystery of the Stage, by Captain Ralph Bonehill (Edward Stratemeyer).

Do and Dare, A Favorite Weekly of Young America apparently started as another rival of Tip Top Weekly—"tells of the exploits and adventures of one Phil Rushington, a lively, hustling, bright and brave American boy—a first-class athlete"—Springvale Academy stories up to No. 7; No. 8 is Phil Rushington's New Role, or, "The Play's the Thing"; 9, Phil Rushington's Soubrette, or, The Rockdale Success; 10, Phil Rushington's Setback, or, Fast Friends and Fickle Fortune. Three stories of the stage, the Rushington Dramatic and Comedy Company, with Phil as actor-manager. Issued in the small size like early Nick Carter, Tip Top and Diamond Dick, Jr. weeklies, many of the color covers drawn by Edward Johnson, with Phil strongly resembling Nick Carter (Johnson did Nick Carter covers, too, at that time and later). The starting author, "Stanley Norris," was really Ernest A. Young, replaced by William Wallace Cook on reaching No. 15.

With No. 11, Phil Rushington's Great Show, he left the stage to go on the road with a circus. The circus stories lasted until No. 29, and are an excellent set for any circus-buff, but rather scarce. Back to the stage went Phil in No. 30, Phil Rushington's Dramatic Role, or, The Risk of an Understudy; 31, Phil Rushington's Protege, or, The Trials of a Footlight Favorite; 32, Phil Rushington's Cue, or, A New Hit in an Old Play; 33, Phil Rushington's Make-up, or, A Specialty Off the Stage; 34, Phil Rushington's Leading Lady, or, "Diamond Cut Diamond"; 35, Phil Rushington's Bravery, or, Burned Out at Newcastle; 38, Phil Rushington's

Ruse, or, Trapping an Embezzler; 39, Phil Rushington's "Supe," or, The Last of the Barnstormers; 40, Phil Rushington's Double Part, or, Breaking in the New Rube; 41, Phil Rushington's Box Party, or, True to His Trust; 42, Phil Rushington's Sketch, or, Author as Well as Actor; 43, Phil Rushington's Big Success, or, Top-Liners at the "Continuous" (vaudeville); 44, Phil Rushington's Comedy Four, or, On the Stage and Off—and on into oblivion, which was a pity, as they were good stories of both the theater and the circus.

The End

RECENTLY PUBLISHED ARTICLES CONCERNING DIME NOVELS

THE DAILY ARDMOREITE, Ardmore, Oklahoma, Thursday, May 14, 1970. CREEK CHIEF TO SELL BOOKS, 6,000 IN COLLECTION. An article about W. E. McIntosh, long time member of the Dime Novel Roundup. Space forces him to offer his novels and books for sale, preferably to a university library where they can be maintained as a collection. (Clipping sent in by Gerald J. McIntosh.)

YALE ALUMNI MAGAZINE, November 1970. 302 Temple St., New Haven, Conn. 06509. 75c. THE HERO—HE WAS HONEST, DECENT AND TRUE BLUE, by Sheward Hagerty. An excellent review of the Merriwells from the viewpoint of present day standards of conduct and morality. Illustrated with Tip Top Weekly No. 242 and a number of Merriwell Series covers. (Sent in by Edward G. Levy.)

DIME NOVEL COLLECTORS BOOK SHELF

THE PULPS, Fifty Years of American Pop Culture. Compiled and edited by Tony Goodstone, Research Consultant: Sam Moskowitz. Pub. by Chelsea House, New York. \$15.00. Mostly an excellent history of the pulps with over 50 reprinted stories and over 100 full color photos of the early pulp magazines. Included are 3 dime novel covers, and a short concise history of dime novels.

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

- 311 John Bright, P. O. Box 3352, San Bernardino, Calif. 92404 (New member)
 17 H. L. (Buck) Wilson, 320 South High St., Uvalde, Texas 78201 (New add.)
 88 Charles Rothstein, 45 S. E. 2nd St. Apt. 6, Miami, Fla. 33131 (New add.)
 312 Mrs. Will W. de Grummond, 209 S. 29th Ave., Heritage Apt. 216, Hattiesburg, Miss. 49301 (New member)
 313 San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, San Diego, Calif. 92101 (New member)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Ed: Here is my renewal subscription to the Round-up. I wouldn't want to miss an issue. Can't wait to get my copy and when I do, my only gripe is there isn't enough of it. — Joseph Goggin, Springfield, Va.

FOR SALE

167 Nick Carters (New Magnet), good and very good (\$125); 24 Outdoor Girls (set) \$40; 37 Barbour's (\$50); 58 Ellis's (\$65); 8 Moving Picture Girls (set) \$16. Send stamp for lists.

Also quote any rare or Henty firsts. My complete Henty bibliography due off London press any month (publisher involved in merger).

Dr. R. L. Dartt

33 Franklin St., Cedar Grove, N. J.
07009

WANTED

Golden Days, Volume 16 and 18. Must be complete either in loose or bound voile. Also interested in Good News story paper, any volume from 1 to 15. Harper's Young People, Vol. 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, 12, and 13. Interested in all other story papers. State price. Also Tip Top Weekly No. 102.

Arthur N. Carter

13B Falmouth St.

Attleboro, Mass. 02703

FOR SALE

Merriwell stories in Tip Top Weekly. Early and late numbers. Send want list; too many to catalog. Good condition and reasonable prices. Also, in clothbound first and later editions. stories by Sir Rider Haggard.

GUINON

Box 214, Little Rock, Ark. 72203

WANTED

"The American Boy Magazine" for the years 1913 and 1914.

Walter A. Higgins

1311 High St., Bath, Maine 04530

OLD PULP MAGAZINES WANTED

Such as Doc Savage, Shadow, Spider, Unknown, Phantom, Western Story, Wild West, G-S, Wings, "spicy" mags and many others in the all-fiction field. Must be in excellent condition. What have you? Send list and price wanted. No comics or books.

Back Numbers

Box 214, Little Rock, Ark. 72203

Back numbers, Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Roundup Nos. 1 to 237 inclusive. A number of reprints in the lower numbers (can't be helped). Also two indexes, novel catalogue, birthday number and the one number published of Pioneer and Scouts of the Old West. Single issues, 10c each. All for \$24.00. Can you beat it.

Ralph F. Cummings

161 Pleasant St., So. Grafton, Mass.
01560

WANTED

The Beautiful Victim; or, The Elm City Tragedy, published by M. J. Ivers in 1881. Paper covers.

Edward T. LeBlanc

87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720

FOR SALE

Books by

Mary R. Rinehart

Edgar Wallace

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Eli A. Messier

Box 1122, Woonsocket, R. I. 02895

BOYS BOOKS FOR SALE

ALLEN, Quincy

The Outdoor Chums After Big Game, Grosset & Dunlap. VG Cond. \$2.50

The Outdoor Chums on a Houseboat, G&D VG ----- 2.50

AMES, Franklin T. Between the Lines in France, G&D, some water stains 1.50

APPLETON, Victor

Don Sturdy Across the North Pole, G&D, Excellent cond. w d/j ---- 4.00

Don Sturdy in the Tombs of Gold. G&D, Fair ----- 1.50

Don Sturdy in Lion Land. G&D. Excellent with d/j ----- 4.00

Don Sturdy Lost in Glacier Bay. Excellent cond. G&D ----- 3.00

Don Sturdy on the Desert of Mystery. Good. G&D ----- 2.50

Don Sturdy Trapped in the Flaming Wilderness. G&D. VG cond. d/j 3.00

Don Sturdy with the Harpoon Hunters. G&D. Fair cond. Some spots
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